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Judge

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ROOSEVELT FOR 1904.

And all Wall street cannot stop him.

Judge

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HILL is an elephant for peanuts.

* * *

HAIL, glorious disk of shining russet hue,
That beams serene from "silken Samarcand"
To Kiskatom and Skaneateles,
And filigrees and arabesques with joy
Our smoothest dreams—all hail, oh, moon of squash!

* * *

THE PERIOD of pumpkin pie now captures us upon the fly. We munch the chestnut with the joy peculiar to the little boy, and watch the golden leaflets pass in eddies o'er the fading grass. The baseball match is waxing glum, the frost is sparkling on the plum; and while the night winds weirdly moan a weary, dreary monotone, we pop the corn and light the logs, and watch them sputter on the dogs, the while we brew the juicy rum that sends grim care to kingdom come. The bathing-suit so light and frail is swinging round upon a nail. The inn is closed upon the shore; the boniface is sad and sore. The woodcock that is not on toast is singing on the old fence-post; and while the salvia its torch is waving round the ancient porch, we jump and sing because we know, by all the rabbit stew aglow, to wake our bubbling mirth and cheer, that dear old, sweet old, autumn 's here.

* * *

THAT ROOSEVELT will be the banner-bearer of his party in 1904 is quite as certain at the present writing as that he will lead his party to victory. Many soreheads and students of the puzzle-department sort are endeavoring to discover some obstacle that will upset the president's hopes and prevent his receiving the nomination that is logically his. These students, who usually belong to the grocery-barrel school of thought, would do better if they would take to sawing wood and not waste their time and the time of the people who listen to their statements in open-mouthed wonder. Sometimes they advance the argument that Wall street will stand in his way. And when it is not Wall street it is anything else they happen to think of on the spur of the moment as being thoughtful and convincing. Mr. Roosevelt is not a mere creature of booms, fireworks and press-agents; and he is not going about blowing horns. He is as sure of securing the nomination for the presidency in 1904 as his opponent, whoever he shall be, is certain of meeting the political snow-storm that covers and hides from view. And all the arguments of the grocery whittling and expectorating contingent will not convince any sane, thinking man that the aforesaid prediction will not come to pass.

* * *

PERHAPS the gravest and knottiest question of the day, as well as the one which no one seems to be able to satisfactorily answer, is the immigration conundrum. And that question, in its most puzzling form, is—is the average immigrant a blessing or a curse to the country. There are all sorts of opposite opinions on this point, which do not begin to solve the problem. One man maintains that the immigrant brings muscle and new blood to our shores; another, of equally sound judgment and penetration, argues that he cheapens labor; a third gives it as his opinion that he is a menace to everything that is decent in our institutions; while a fourth remains unshaken in the conclusion that he is a disseminator of anarchy and disease. It will thus be seen that the immigrant is likely to continue to be food for thought and discussion for some time to come. Perhaps the fairest view to take of the question is that there are immigrants and immigrants, and that the country at large knows many specimens of the various types of good and bad. But whether he is an acquisition or a detriment, the fact remains that he continues and will continue to cross the seas and land on our shores in swarms, like house-flies on the heaving bosom of a pie. Therefore let us look on the bright side of him, and hope.

A BLOW AT HAPPINESS.

MR. ROONY—"Whin parliamint passes th' landlord bill there will be no more throuble in Oireland."
MR. MOONY—"No more throuble, is it? Shure, do th' English tyrants want to deprive th' poor Oirish av phat little pleasure they hov?"

MUST GET THAT.

THE surgeons stand about the couch where lies the sick man.

"There is considerable change in him," says the most eminent of the surgeons. "We must operate on him immediately."

"But why need we operate?" asks the youngest of the surgeons—a mere tyro, who cherishes the delusion that nature gets along pretty well on her own hook, and thinks he can be happy if he only gets to write a few prescriptions every day. The other surgeons turn upon him with scorn.

"Why," they echo; "why? Haven't you learned yet that as long as there is any change in a man we must go after it?"

Crushed, he hastens to obtain a chloroform cone, with the idea of demonstrating the fact that he is willing, even if slow of comprehension.

A YOUNG WITNESS.

LITTLE John was attending his first play. It was all real to him, and his eyes were as big as saucers. The villain had performed his time-honored part of shooting a defenseless man, and later, when confronted with the charge, he cried impressively, "I did not do it!"

This was too much for little John. Jumping on his seat, he shouted, "Yes, you did, too, for I saw you!"

WHY SHE WAS HAPPY.

SHE—"Oh, she married a duke and has lived happy ever after."
HE—"I thought they had parted."
SHE—"Yes; that's why she is happy."

BUSINESS-LIKE.

"I DO not see what earthly attraction that little dried-up shrimp of a Figgeritt could have had for Mrs. Petishun." The lady who makes this remark points toward the couple as she speaks. "There's nothing handsome about him," she continues. "I know that he has the reputation of being the most expert book-keeper and accountant in the country, but still I can't see for the life of me what charm he had for her."

"I understand," says the friend, "that it was a marriage of convenience on both sides."

"Yes?"

"Yes. You see, she has been divorced seven times, and simply had to have some one to look after her alimony collections."

A SORDID SOUL.

"IS Samson Huskiman going to coach your football team this season?" asks the visitor of the quarter-back.

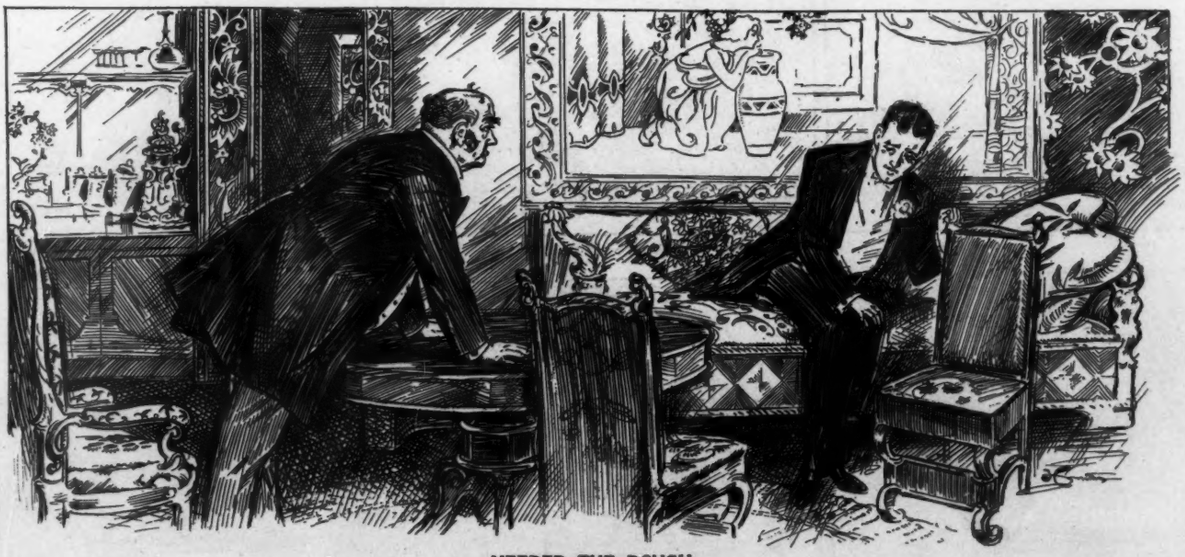
"Samson Huskiman? Don't repeat that name on the campus."

"Why, is there anything wrong about"——

"Wrong? Listen. Instead of playing with the boys this year, what do you suppose he is going to do?"

"Going into professional athletics?"

"Worse—infinitely worse! He has accepted the offer of a thousand dollars a week as demonstrator for a hair-tonic."



NEEDED THE DOUGH.

OLD JONES—"Do you play cards for money?"
DAUGHTER'S LOVER—"Y-yes, sir; but"——
OLD JONES—"Well, let's have a game. I'm about busted."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

WINNIE SIEGRIST AT WEBER AND FIELDS'.

From across the blooming ocean
Comes a lithe gazelle of motion,
Who's the apple of each eye-ball
And the dainty human high-ball
That the cup is gayly brimming
Of our joy until it s swimming.
So we shout in rosy rapture,
" She's indeed a golden capture,
And of all the blooming brie grist
Just the cheese is Winnie Siegrist."

ASKING A GREAT DEAL.

"YES, sir," said the lady principal of the college for girls; "we are proud of the thorough athletic training we give our students. We see that they have every attention from competent instructors, and develop their physique along with their intellect."

"Um! yes," observed the father. "You make them strong and lively, do you?"

"That is one of our chief aims."

"Well, do you think you could educate Lizzie, here, so that in time she will be strong enough to help her mother do the dish-washing when the cook is on a strike?"

A NEW VOCABULARY.

SHE—"I left Coyle Sparker up at the club-house scribbling away at a great rate. What is he up to?"

HE—"Oh, he's compiling a vocabulary of cuss-words adapted to the use of motorists on the occasion of breakdowns, etc.—sort of automobillingsgate, you know."

A FABLE.

ONE time an office went out to seek a man.

It sought and it sought and it sought, but seemed utterly unable to find him.

At last it sat down by the wayside to rest, when, lo and behold! up came the man it had been looking for and took it.

For the man had been chasing the office all the while it had been seeking him.

This fable teaches us that while we are hunting trouble it may be hunting us.

HEREDITY.

THE printer's boy—ambitious lad—
Would learn the trade. He tried to take
A form from off the stone, and then
Made pi like father used to make.

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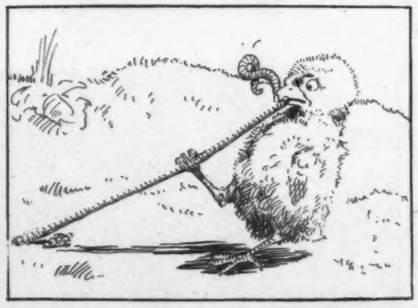

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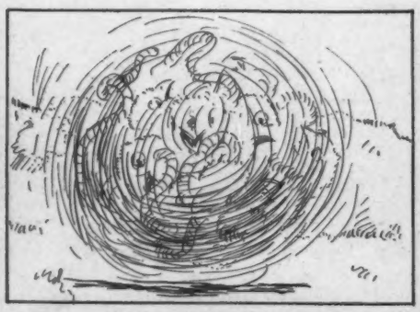

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THE ADVENTURES OF AN EARLY BIRD AND A WORM, IN WHICH THE *WORM* CATCHES THE EARLY BIRD.

UNCLE HANK'S HILARITY.

OH, NOW the gay pork-chop is ripe,
Likewise the luscious yam;
And, like the quail, I blithely pipe
The praises of the ham
That hangs upon the cellar-beam
And gayly gilds my autumn dream.

I see the gobbler on the bough—
He's juicy, big and fat;
I see the 'possum, and somehow
I have to throw my hat
Right up into the air and dance
All over nature's great expanse.

My rheumatiz has left me quick,
And I am spry once more
From dreaming of the tender chick
And buckwheat cakes galore,
That make my vision more than gay,
Until I shout, "Hip, hip, hooray!"

IN THE OLD KENT ROAD.

"QUEER customs them Hamericans 'as," asserted 'Iggins the wagoner, musing over a copy of a New York paper that had been left in the tap-room by a tourist.

"'Ow's that?" asked Gaffer 'Owland.

"Blymy! 'Ere's a pusson hin Helmira puts hit in the pyper as 'ow 'e's bloomink 'appy 'cos good hold Dr. Pillers 'elped 'im to lose heighteen poun's."

"My heye! Hif anny hold pill-sharker was to myke me lose heighteen poun', or the 'alf o' that, it's me would be 'aulin' 'im hoff to the blessed courts hinstead o' mykin' hout hin the pypers 'as 'ow Hi was bustin' with joy."

A CALL.

MR. PEEVY—"It sez here our minister hez received a call from a wealthier church."

MRS. PEEVY—"My land! Does it say he'll take it?"

MR. PEEVY—"Oh, yes. He sez that, bein' as money is the root of all evil, there is more need of his services in the wealthier parish."

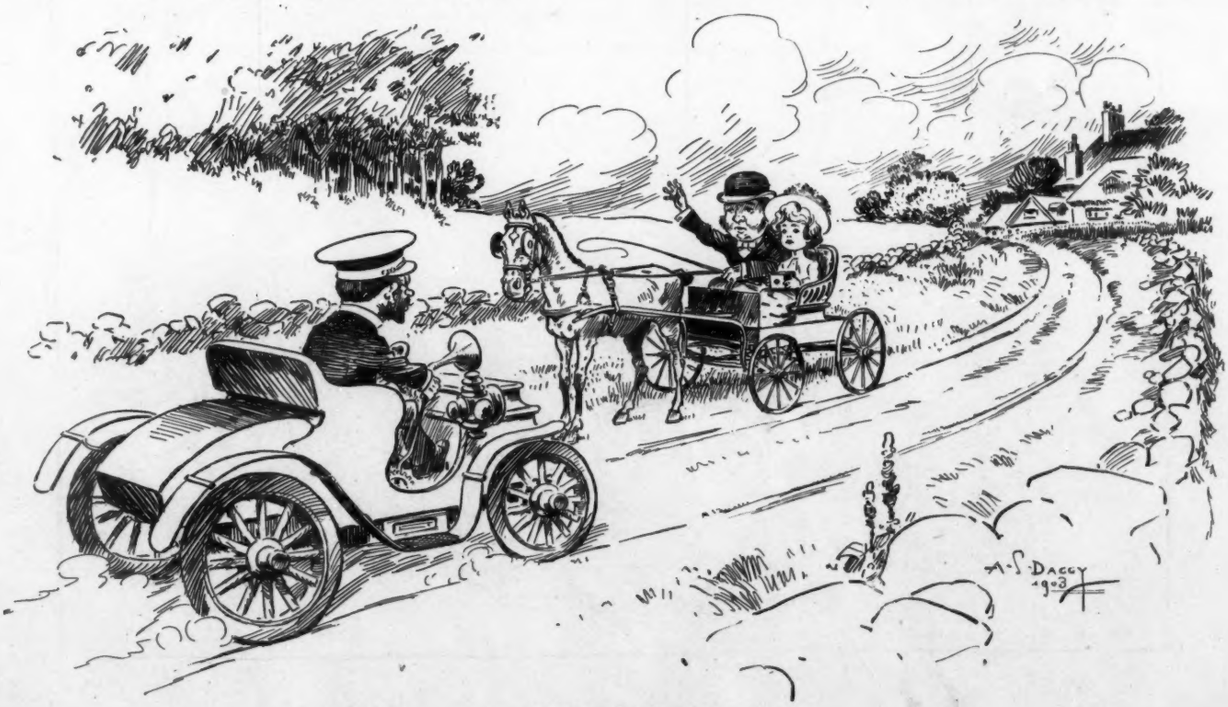
KITTEN—"My! I am simply 'stuck' on *this* fly-paper."

ETERNAL WOMAN.

"REMEMBER," we say to the woman, "in business correspondence a short letter is regarded with most favor."

Thanking us, she begins writing. Some hours later she shows us the letter. For brevity it is commendable. A scant dozen words have sufficed. But the postscript, to explain something omitted in the letter, occupies ten pages. Hastily we revise our advice, saying,

"It was our mistake. A short postscript is what we meant."



HOW IT HAPPENED.

CHAUFFEUR (*putting on the brakes*)—"Why are you holding up your hand?"

DRIVER (*of carriage*)—"I want you to stop, sir."

CHAUFFEUR—"Is your horse afraid of autos?"

DRIVER—"Oh, no; but my little girl wants to take your picture with her kodak."

SUCCESS.

SHE—"And what would you call a *successful* poet?"
HE—"One who leaves money enough to bury him."

AN APPRECIATIVE TOOT.

FOR the harvest so golden
I'm shouting "Hooray!"
And I'm joyfully dancing
A jig all the day.

Oh, the crops, fat and juicy,
The records all smash,
Which I know means the larder
Will ripple with hash.

Then hurrah for the country
Whose crops are so big
That I can't help performing
A jubilant jig;

While a bright, rosy vision
Soon shows me aglow
The molasses-draped "buckwheat"
Of joy, don't you know!

A PATIENT SERVANT.

"YES, sir," said Uncle Elmer, who was telling about his life and experiences in the Sandwich islands.

"Yes, sir; we had one of the laziest cooks you ever saw."

"Is that so?" politely asked one of his nieces.

"Indeed, yes. Many 's the time our dinner has been two or three days late just because she waited for the volcano in the back yard to erupt, so she could broil the steak over it instead of kindling a fire in the range."

A HUMAN FAILING.

"They tell me Si Medders's son Bill hez bin sent ter th' legislature."
"Nope. Bill 's in th' penitentiary fer hoss-stealin'."
"Great snakes! Why is it folks allers wants ter make things out as wuss than they really is?"

AFFINITY.

"YES," sighed the fair young thing, "I admit that I like you—but it does not seem to me that we were ever meant for each other. We have not a single taste in common."

Mournfully the young man studied the floor for some moments. At last he looked up with the dawn of hope in his eyes.

"But, yes," he whispered. "Are you not very fond of onions?"

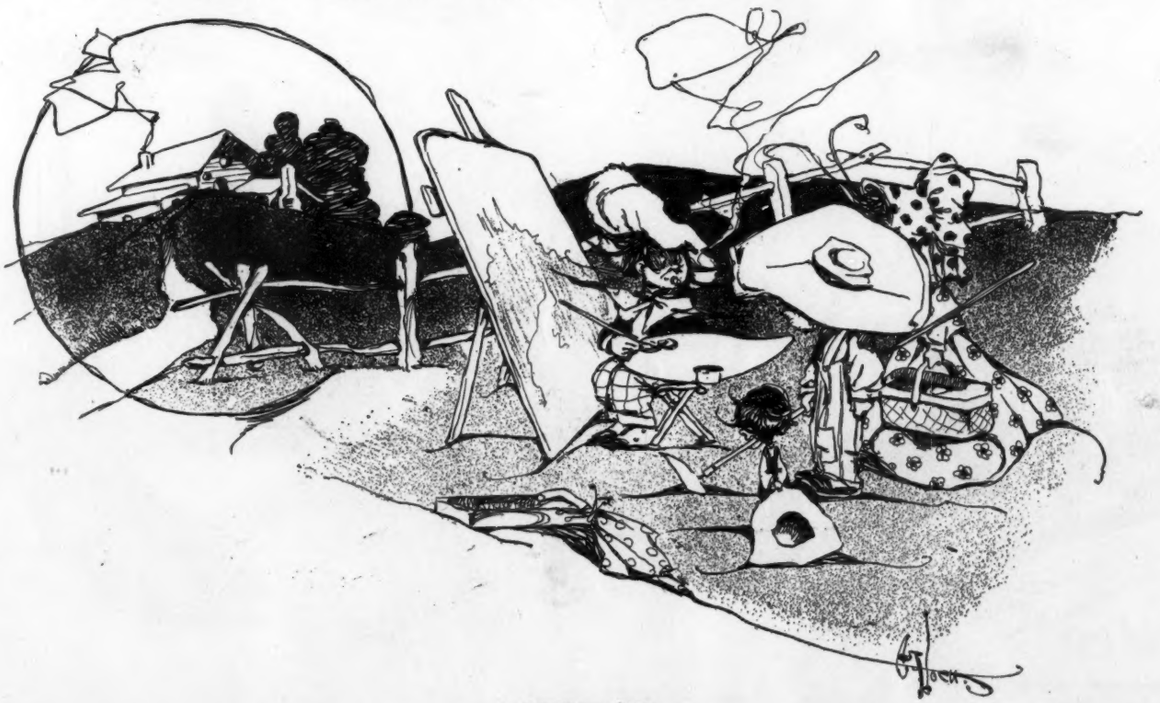
Blushingly she nodded a confession.

"So am I!" he cried rapturously.

A PROFITABLE BENEFIT.

First actor—"How did your benefit come out, Footlites?"

Second actor—"First-rate. After I'd paid the expenses I found I was three laurel-wreaths to the good."



A RESEMBLANCE.

THE ARTIST—"Well, how do you like it?"
THE FARMER—"Wa-al, it looks ez much like whut yer tryin' ter paint as anything else I kin think of."

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THE IMMI

Is he an acquisition

Judge

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Ptg Co. New York

MMIGRANT.

quisition or a detriment?

BALLADE OF DEAD NOVELS.

(With due amends to Master François Villon of the Fircone tavern).

I WONDER in what auction-rooms
One bids for "Trilby" thirty cents,
Or where the "Audrey" craze still booms,
Or "David Harum"'s thought immense;
Where "Eben Holden" now is sold?
The wind has blown them all away;
The tales that flourished once are old—
Where are the books of yesterday?

Say where brave Mary Johnston sleeps
On dust-strewn shelves, quite out of reach,
And where the lonely cockroach keeps
Its guard of Weyman, once a "peach";
Where are the yarns of cloak and sword?
The wind has blown them all away;
No more "best sellers" are they scored—
Where are the books of yesterday?

The knighthood that was once in flower,
It seems, alas! has gone to seed;
The rural tale that once had power
Has gasped its last "B'gosh!" indeed.
And with reluctant hand on latch—
The wind will blow it soon away—
We see "Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."
Where are the books of yesterday?

Alas for Wiggses, Harums, all!
The wind has blown them quite away.
The "rubes," the swordsmen, great and small—
Where are the books of yesterday?

ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

CLOSE TO THE IDEAL.

PAT—"Casey 's the model husband. He thinks ivirything av his wife."
MIKE—"He do?"
PAT—"He do. Iviry toime he blacks her eye he goes out an' gits a sirloin shteak to put on it."

HAPPILY MISUNDERSTOOD.

"IF YOU are so disappointed in me, why did you marry such a man as I?" asks the dense husband.

"Because I didn't know any better," retorts the angry wife.

Being slow of understanding, he thinks she means that she did not know any better men than he, consequently he is immediately happy. Bowing his thanks, he hurries out and down street, that he may purchase for her the set of furs on which she has set her heart and which caused the quarrel we have noted.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

"AND do you not find that even the dumb animals are susceptible to the influence of certain strains of music?" asks the gentle investigator of the sagacious farmer.

"Now that you mention it," answers the agriculturist, "I believe that there is one tone that affects my team of hosses pretty much."

"And what is that?" asks the investigator, taking out his little note-book.

"G natural," says the farmer, moving on down the pike.

HER EXCUSE.

GLADYS—"Ethel tells me you are engaged to her."
CHOLLY—"Hum! She promised to keep it a secret."
GLADYS—"Well, I guess she thinks the joke is too good to keep."

"Before I consent to let you have my daughter," said the square-jawed captain of industry, "I want you to answer a question. What would you do if I were to give you one million dollars?"

After the coroner had viewed the remains and decided that death was due to heart-failure caused by a sudden shock, the old man lit another cigar and murmured,

"That's worth tryin' again some time."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

A few dashes in pure liquor, the epicure's delight. Refuse cheap domestic imitations. Get Dr. Siegert's.

"Say," exclaimed the irate tailor, "do you cross the street every time you see me to keep from paying that little bill?"

"Certainly not!" replied the delinquent.

"Then why do you invariable do it?" asked the knight of the iron goose.

"To keep you from asking me to pay it," replied the party of the other part.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Her head-gear now is strangely great;
It tilts and veers in mad delight.
She queries, "Is my hat on straight—
For if it is it isn't right!"
—*Washington Star.*

We all desire the greatest good
To the greatest number done,
But the greatest number is understood
To be always number one.
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

When your barber talks "Shampoo" specify

Packer's Tar Soap

Pure as the Pines

Antiseptic—Invigorating

The Standard for the Hair

The Packer Mfg. Co., New York

"Is that dog of yours any good?"

"Well, suh," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "you's about de thousandth puson dat's done ax me dat question."

"But is he any good?"

"'Deed he is. He helps make conversation an' keeps me f'um gittin' lonesome."—*Washington Star.*

"How was the scenery where you spent your vacation?"

"The most expensive I ever gazed at."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Steady nerves and a clear, active brain come from the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

Little Willie—"Say, will a Welsh rabbit hurt you?"

Little Bobby—"No; not unless vou eat it."—*Philadelphia Record.*

On coaching parties don't overlook a few cold bottles of *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.* It will double your pleasure.

Caller—"So your papa and mamma are going to take you to Europe with them?"

Willie—"Yes'm."

Caller—"Aren't you afraid to go on the ocean?"

Willie—"N'm, I ain't afraid o' nothin'. I'm been vaccinated."—*Coast Seamen's Journal.*

IT'S A MISTAKE

TO ATTRIBUTE COFFEE ILLS TO POOR GRADES OF COFFEE.

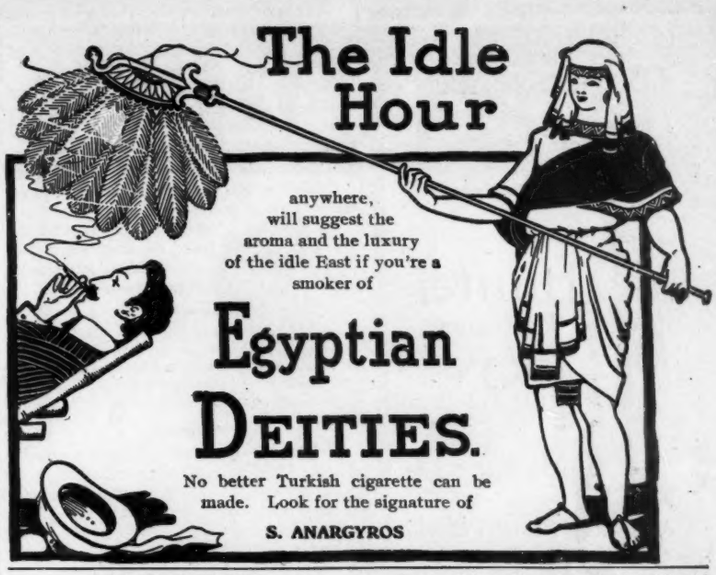
Many people lay all the blame for the diseases caused by coffee upon the poorer grades of coffee, but this is an error, as the following proves: "I have used every kind of the best grade of tea and coffee that can be got from a first-class grocer but never found one that would not upset my nervous system, and it was not until I began to drink Postum Food Coffee in place of coffee and tea that I had relief from the terrific attacks of nervous sick headache from which I had suffered for 30 years.

"I had tried all kinds of medicines but none helped me.

"Soon after I stopped drinking coffee and began to drink Postum the headaches grew less and it was not long until I was entirely cured, and I have never had a return of this distressing trouble, for nowadays, I never drink coffee but stick to Postum.

"As soon as my wife saw what Postum had done for me she gave up coffee which she had drank all her life. This was six weeks ago and she is a changed woman, for her nervousness has all disappeared, her face has become smooth and her cheeks have a good rosy red color. She sleeps well, too, something she could never do while she drank coffee. We consider Postum a household necessity in my house and have induced many friends to try this wonderful food drink in place of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."



GOIN' TO THE FAIR.

There's bacon in the smoke-house,
There's cotton an' corn to spare;
Whip up the ox team, Billy—
We're goin' to the fair!

An' Sue—put on yer meetin' dress,
With ribbons in yer hair,
An' pitch the little towheads in—
We're goin' to the fair!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"Now, here's a piece of goods," said the voluble drummer, "that speaks for itself. I"——

"All right," interrupted the weary buyer; "suppose you keep quiet for five minutes and give it a chance."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"By observing the fall of an apple," remarked the moralizer, "Newton discovered the law of gravity."

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "and thousands of years previous Mother Eve discovered the gravity of the law by biting an apple."—*Chicago News.*

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor 22d St.

Only salesroom in Greater New York.

"De world may owe you a livin'," said Uncle Eben, "but you 's got to push de claim, 'case de world ain't sittin' up nights worryin' 'bout its debts."—*Washington Star.*

"How did I look when you proposed to me?"

"You looked as if you were taking your first ride in an automobile."—*Detroit Free Press.*

You will know all there is worth knowing about Ale if you drink

Evans' Ale

It is worth your while as an ale drinker to test this statement.

Step into the nearest dealer's.

"FROM FACTORY TO YOUR HOME."

NO MIDDLEMAN'S PROFIT.

SOCIETY EMBLEMS of every description. Many new and exclusive designs. Solid gold and rolled plate emblem Pins, buttons, charms and rings for ALL SECRET SOCIETIES at less than wholesale prices. Special designs to order. Send for FREE catalogue No. G 22 of 1000 illustrations. MASONIC EMBLEM CO., Drawer 802, Bridgeport, Conn., U. S. A.

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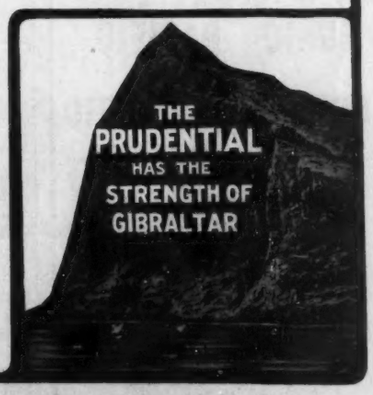
*Occupation*_____ *Dept. N.*



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Quintessence

Drawn from Age, Purity, Flavor and concentrated in one is the Unapproachable Quality of

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Baltimore
Rye

It is
The First Sought
and
The First Bought

It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

Sold at all first class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

The WHITE ROCK high ball has a smack of its own

"I wish I had a rich father."

"Why?"

"Then I'd have some excuse for being so worthless."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Stint, stint, stint! Save, save, save! What for?

While you are answering this question, consider whether less saving united with a policy of life insurance will be more conducive to the happiness of your family and yourself. Consult the

PENN MUTUAL LIFE,
921-3-5 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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Only three days CHICAGO to CALIFORNIA, via

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UNION PACIFIC
Omaha, Neb.

Husband (reading)—"This paper says that the greatness of a father often proves a stumbling block to the advancement of his children."

Wife—"Well, thank fortune, our children will never be handicapped in that way."—*Chicago News.*

"I shall not give you up," he declared. "I will win you yet; I will make you love me in spite of yourself."

"I'm so glad," she told herself after he had gone, "that I had the courage to do it. What a good time I shall have now for a while."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

In the warerooms of Sohmer & Co., Sohmer building, 170 Fifth avenue, the reader will find instruments that cannot be surpassed, and the purchaser is perfectly assured of getting the best article in the market at a very reasonable figure.

Wolfe—"I suppose you keep a watch on the stock quotations, to see which are going up and which are coming down."

Lambe—"No, I don't have to. The ones I have always go down and the ones I don't have invariably go up."—*Boston Transcript.*

Husband (losing all patience)—"Oh, why are you forever bothering me for money in this way?"

Wife (coolly)—"I suppose it's because I can't think of a better way."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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CARL H. SCHULTZ

"Doesn't it make you angry when folks twit you about your failure to acquire a husband?" asked the girl who was doing her first season.

"Not me," replied the philosophical spinster. "It is better to be laughed at because you are not married than not to be able to laugh because you are."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

SURBRUG'S
Arcadia
MIXTURE.

"One need only to put his head in at my door to realize that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others."

My Lady Nicotine.

"Is your son going back to college?"

"Ya-as," answered Farmer Corntossel.

"Doesn't he know enough?"

"Ya-as; he's got book learnin', but from the way he's been helpin' around the place this summer I reckon he needs a few more athletics."—*Washington Star.*

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"Jiminy! Didn't it make you feel like thirty cents when the footpads stopped you?"

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"How do you mean?"

"Hands up."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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A.—"That's Jones's daughter with him. She's just about to be married."

B.—"Who's the lucky man?"

A.—"Jones."—*Boston Globe.*

HIS BEST LOVE.

He say he love his daddy
  Fur ez de eas' fum wes',
But I bet you dat he lovin'
  Of his mammy still de bes'!

Des' let him make his choosin'—
  Don't anybody stir!
I bet you he'll be reachin'
  Of his li'l' arms to her!

Kaze why? he sho' would tell you—
  But he des' kin coo en creep,
En now her arms is roun' him
  En she rockin' him ter sleep!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, are the *best*. Refuse imitations. At grocers' and druggists'.

Sufferer—"I can't stand it any longer; I'm going to the dentist's this instant to have this tooth out!"

Scientist—"Nonsense! Your tooth doesn't ache; it's only your imagination."

Sufferer—"Then I'll have him pull out my imagination."—*Christian Register.*

"There's one great beauty about this Wagner music."

"What's that?"

"It's so blamed loud you can't hear the society people chattering in the boxes."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Ef preachin' didn't do nuthin' but put folks ter sleep it would still be a great benefactor, kaze de only time some folks is out er mischief is w'en dey done close dey eyes ter de worl'.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Hicks—"We had a great time at the club last night. Sorry not to see you there, Charley."

Mrs. Porter (after Hicks has gone)—"Why, Charles, you told me you spent the whole of last evening at the club."

Mr. Porter (with great presence of mind)—"So I did, my dear. The reason Hicks didn't see me was because he wasn't there himself. Trying to deceive his wife, probably."

Mrs. Porter—"The wretch! And he would try to rob me of the confidence I have in you. I always did see something about that man I didn't like."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Fred—"Retribution has finally overtaken that talkative Miss Chattington."

Joe—"Indeed! How, pray?"

Fred—"She married Windicus, the barber."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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I know no single case of bliss
So blissful as to ask a miss
  If she will wed,
And then to watch her chew her thumb,
As though it were some toothsome gum,
  And nod her head.
—*Baltimore News.*

"Yes," said the Arizona landlord. "I remember the party you are looking for. He committed suicide last spring."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the inquiring friend. "How did he do it?"

"By stealing a horse," replied the native.—*Chicago News.*

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"Mister Jedge," called out the colored witness, after he had been on the stand a full hour, "kin I say one word, suh?"

"Yes," answered the judge. "What is it?"

"Hit's des' dis, suh. Ef you'll des' make de lawyers sit down en keep still two minutes, en gimme a livin' chance, I'll whirl in en tell de trufe!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"Now," said the hopeful young author, as he finished reading his synopsis, "that's the plot of my novel except for the last chapter. Can you tell how the story 's coming out?"

"No," replied the critic; "but I can tell how it isn't coming out."

"How do you mean?"

"In book form."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Tommy—"Do you believe in transmigration, pop?"

Pop—"Sometimes."

Tommy—"Well, from the way I love peanuts I must have been an elephant once."—*Chicago News.*

Briggs—"Gilder has taken me out in his automobile quite frequently of late."

Griggs—"Well, I suppose he wants to have you share his pleasures."

Briggs—"You mean his troubles."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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She—"Yes; I walk two miles before breakfast every morning for my complexion."

Doctor—"Is the drug-store so far as that?"—*London Tattler.*

"Your daughter," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "has such verve. She fairly bubbles over with high spirits."

"I know it. She gets it from Josiah's side of the house, though. My folks are all strong temperance people."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

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"Huh!" replied the man with watery eyes, "I guess you never had hay-fever, did you?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

Bobby—"Do I have to go to school again, mother?"

Mother—"Of course, Bobby."

Bobby—"Why, mother, I heard you tell father last night that I knew entirely too much."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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"Jenkins is a queer duck."

"What's he done now?"

"Why, last night he fretted and fumed, and finally slanged, because his wife took three minutes to dress for a car-ride out to the park, and last week he sat in an open boat in the hot, broiling sun from two o'clock until six without getting a bite, and enjoyed it."—*Baltimore News.*

"Don't you think the amusements of many society people are very nonsensical?"

"Sometimes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but not as nonsensical as the amusements of those people who amuse themselves by imagining how society people amuse themselves."—*Washington Star.*

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"I kin read de sign all right, but dat sign 's wrong. Dere's good fishin' dere."

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"Well, there was a toime whin they cud, Moike: but since th 'Thrusts hov raised th' price av ivirything, whoi, Oi'm blowed if wan kin live as cheaply as two, b'goba!"